

White Camellias

by Kyujindai

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Summary: Miyano Hikari is the epitome of perfection and there is no way Hayama Yua can compete with her, especially over Ushijima

Wakatoshi, who is just as flawless as Hikari is. But while Hikari is a beautiful, adored blossom, Yua is a plain, unwanted stoneâ€"and the stone always crushes the flower in the end. UshijimaOC. Chapter 3 is currently being rewritten.

## 1. Chapter One

**\*\*I do not own Haikyuu!\*\***

**\*\*Credits: \*\***\_Thank you to the people that have helped me edit/write this chapter: natalie522, iShirokins, and Lillian.\_

**\*\*Note:\*\***\_I am not Japanese nor do I know anyone that's Japanese, so my knowledge of Japanese places and culture is limited to what I can get from online research. I am also not an expert on volleyball and am only relying on the information I get from Haikyuu! If I get anything wrong, feel free to point it out so I can correct it!\_

\_This is mainly UshijimaOC.\_

\_Also, thank you very much to Bergliot for drawing Hayama Yua on her tumblr (bergliot-manner). The artwork itself is absolutely amazing, but I think her shading is the best part. If you guys don't already know her, she also has a lot of artwork of her own OC, other OCs, and other Haikyuu characters.\_

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><p><em>It's not that I don't care about my grades.<em>

Hayama Yua holds down an eye roll as her mother waves the test frantically in front of her face. Her mediocre score of eighty-four

isn't\_ that\_ bad; it's a passing grade nonetheless, and it was only an entrance exam.

\_It's not a big deal.\_

To be honest, Yua could've done better if she had actually studied; the temptation of a volleyball game was too great to ignore. She ended up spending all her time at the parkâ€”something that she would never tell her mother. The older woman already dislikes her daughter's infatuation with the sport, and knowing that it hindered Yua's study habits will make it worse.

Then again, it would really be no surprise to her mother; Yua has an incorrigible habit of picking volleyball over anything else. After all, her entire life practically revolves around that sport. She has been playing on teams since she was a little girl. Whenever she's free, she would jog around her neighborhood or go to the park and stay there until dinner time.

Due to such hard work, she made her way into Seiho High School, a prominent school with a champion volleyball team. Yua never slacked off; even after the team practices every day, she would practice on her own. Even then, she would still go further because it takes everything to remain in first string in Seiho High.

In fact, it wasn't until the last tournament of her second year did she finally become a starting member.

When she found out that her family was moving to her mother's hometown in the Miyagi prefecture, Yua resisted strongly. Moving meant throwing away all of her hard work.

Though, she couldn't say anything more when she found out the real reason for the moveâ€”her mother's failing health. Coupled with their lack of money, surviving in a big city like Tokyo with no family nearby to help had become almost impossible, so Yua's mother made the most "sensible" decisionâ€”move to where her entire family is.

Before the start of the new school year, Yua packs the little belongings she has and boards a train heading north towards a tiny, quiet town settled at the foot of a mountain; it is a massive contrast from the vast and lively city of Tokyo. Yua and her mother are immediately welcomed by the neighbors upon their arrival with handshakes and introductions. Within minutes, Yua feels like she belongs.

But despite the warm welcome, she can't shake off the bitter resentment of having to leave Seiho behind.

\* \* \*

><p>Yua and her mother had arrived at Miyagi about an hour ago but instead of going to their new house, her mother decided to visit her parents first; Yua tried to sneak away as she already knew what their address was, but her mother knew better. In a surprisingly strong arm hold for her ageâ€”and fragilityâ€”the older woman dragged her daughter towards the opposite direction.<p>

Soon, Yua ended up inside her grandparents' home, forced to put on a

warm, sweet smile when all she really wants to do is to take a hot shower and go to sleep. It really doesn't help \_at all \_that her mother went upstairs with the older generations, leaving Yua to deal with the cousins when they arrive.

"Who's that?"

"I don't know."

"Is she Yusu's friend?"

"She looks so bigâ€|"

Yua raises an eyebrow in humor, watching her cousinsâ€she assumesâ€whisper \_so\_ \_discreetly \_to each other in front of the doorway. Gluing themselves against the wall, they give Yua suspicious stares but don't make any move.

Several seconds pass and Yua shifts her position, already getting bored. Upstairs are her mother, aunts, and grandparents; Yua can faintly hear them laughing. \_At least they were having fun.\_

"Hi." She glances at the new voice, a male cousin who had just entered the house; tall, tousled brown hair, girly face, vintage clothingsâ€the typical flower boy that is way too common nowadays.

Keeping her comments to herself, Yua dons a polite smile.

"Hi."

"You're the cousin from Tokyo right?" he starts and she nods, "How was the trip?"

"It was okay." \_Except for how my mother had her legs on my lap and I was car sick the entire time, it was a fabulous trip.\_

"Well, you're probably tired right? Sorry for the sudden dinner invitation. I'm sure you want to rest right now." He walks over and holds his hand out. "I'm Sato Yusuke, the oldest cousin here."

Yua gets upâ€towering over him, she notes with a tiny grinâ€and shakes his hand. "I'm Hayama Yua. Nice to meet you." She looks over at the other cousins still hiding behind the doorway.

"Oh, my younger sisters are really shy, so don't expect much talk from them," Yusuke explains with a sheepish laugh. "The one in the red skirt is Aiko and the other one is Hinako."

"Twins?"

"Yup."

"Ahâ€|" Yua trails off, about to sit down. Sneaking a peek at the clock, she purses her lips to see that it's not even five yet. The older generations decided to have a big family dinner tonight, so it looks like she isn't going to her new house anytime soon.

"Exactly how tall are you?" Yusuke asks with a curious stare. "I mean, if you don't mind me asking."

"I'm 184 cm tall," she replies, almost proudly.

He gapes at her in shock, staring at the top of her head. "Wow, that's amazing. What did you eat? Is it the Tokyo food?"

"Tokyo food? What kind of crap are you saying?" From the front entrance, a school bag is dropped loudly on the floor as the owner kneels down, taking off her sneakers.

"Aya!" Yusuke turns towards her with a bright smile. "You actually came!"

"Didn't I already tell you that I was coming?" Throwing her red coat hazardously on the couch, a girl around Yua's age approaches them with a large grin. She isn't as tall as Yusuke or Yua, standing at a petite height of 5'2. She has thin almond shaped eyesâ€"almost fox-likeâ€"exactly the same as everyone else's in the house except for Yua's.

A hand is shove out towards her face. "I'm Hazuki Aya! Second oldest cousin!" the girl introduces herself and Yua shakes her hand awkwardly, pushing it lower. Ignoring Yua's obvious discomfort, Aya leans closer, pressing her body against her cousin. "Wow! You're really that tall! My mom told me that you were humongous, but I didn't really believe her at that time." She chuckles cheerfully. "But damn...That's pretty incredible."

"Thank you," Yua replies, scooting backwards.

"I saw a picture of your mom before and she's the same height as me, so your height must've come from your father right?" She shoots a taunting look at Yusuke. "And it's not due to stuff that she ate."

"It's possibleâ€|" he mutters under his breath with an embarrassed blush.

"So how tall is your father?" Aya questions.

"Probably my height?" Yua replies, shrugging. The last time she'd seen that man was when she was five years old, and he seemed huge at that time. Then again, she was only about 106 cm back then, so everything looked enormous.

"How old are you? Seventeen? You look older than me and I'm sixteen soâ€|"

"Yeah, I'm seventeen. I'm going into my third year."

Aya points to Yusuke with a wide grin. "It's Yusuke's third year too! I'm going to second year. What school are you going to?"

\_Oh crap\_. "I don't remember the name that well...something to do with swans? It's apparently a good school." She'd signed the official entrance papers half-heartedly, her mind too focused on the frustration of moving; now that she thinks about it, she might've written her name wrong.

"Is it Shiratorizawa?"

"That might be the name..."

"Yusuke and I go to that school too! What class are you in?" Aya asks excitedly.

"3-1, I think."

"Oh, Yusuke's in 3-3," Aya adds before exclaiming amicably, "We could introduce you to other people and show you around later!"

"We have dinner later, and the school's locked until the first day," Yusuke interrupts. "A lot of people are still away on vacation too."

"Then, it's okay. I'll find my way."

"Oh yeah, we're all eating here...Wait! Speaking of eating, Aunt Yui said she's coming over as well," Aya says worriedly, looking at the kitchen where the ingredients are.

"What? Her kids too?" Yusuke groans and rolls his eyes when Aya nods. "Those brats are so rude though."

"It's not the brats I'm worried about. It's that she's always announcing these types of things at the last minute. Do we even have enough food?"

"No we don't! And her family eats like horses, so I was going to ask grandma if we could go out instead."

"Grandpa broke his leg last week, remember?"

Aya purses her lips and heaves a deep sigh. "Tch. Why is Aunt Yui always changing her mind like this?"

Sitting down, Yua watches the two cousins argue back and forth in boredom. They seem nice enough for her to get along with, but she doesn't see herself becoming best friends or anything like that with them.

Her soreness from the train has mostly gone away by now, and she finds herself itching to play volleyball again. Walking towards the kitchen, she looks at the backyard through the window, almost expecting a net to be outside, as stupid as that sounds.

\_But what do you know...there isn't one\_.

"Just run to the store and buy more food! We still have a lot of time, and it's hotpot anyway so it's not like we have to prepare dishes on a schedule," Aya snaps, throwing a pillow at Yusuke. It misses and hits one of the twins instead, jolting them out of their hiding place behind the couch. Yua steps back, glancing around for something else to do instead of watching her cousins argue. Her phone is completely out of power, and all of her luggage is locked inside the car; she really doesn't feel like bothering her uncle for the key.

"Suzume Store is already closed by now. Why didn't you call earlier?!" Yusuke yells, kicking the pillow away.

"Because that freaking old woman just texted me. How was I supposed to know?"

"Just find another store, Yusu!" one of the younger cousins speak up, pulling on her brother's shirt. "It's not that hard."

"Yusu, there's another store down the hill that opened up recently. I heard they don't close until late at night," the twin adds. "It's called Yamazaki or something like that. I remember mom taking me and Aiko there once."

"Oh yeah, there's that place, but they don't have a lot of stuff."

Checking the clock, Aya replies, "It's better than nothing. Go now before they close too."

"Fine!" Yusuke grabs his sweater off the couch and head for his shoes. He walks out the door but then pivots on his feet and looks back inside. "Do you want to come?" he asks.

At first, Yua doesn't answer him, assuming that he was talking to Aya, but then she notices that all of her cousins seem to be staring at her. "Sure," she responds quickly. She goes to the door, pulls on her sneakers, and follows Yusuke out.

Walking down the hill in silence, Yua gazes around at the similarly decorated homes—tan walls, neat and flowery front yards, laundry hanging from the balconies; sights that she has never seen in Tokyo. She takes a deep breath, inhaling the smell of grass, and looks at the orange sky. Well, Miyagi isn't that bad aesthetically.

They walk for a few minutes in complete silence until Yusuke speaks up. "What was your old school?"

"What?" Yua glances at him before her mind registers his words. "Oh, it was Seiho High School."

He gapes at her and stops in his tracks. "Seiho? That's a champion school!"

"Do you play volleyball too?" A genuine smile makes its way across her face and she opens her mouth excitedly, about to ask her cousin more about the sport.

"Oh...I don't play volleyball haha." He rubs the back of his head sheepishly. "Seiho's pretty famous for its boys' basketball, so that's why I know them because I'm a basketball player...I mean, I've heard of their volleyball; they have one of the best teams in the nation, right?"

Yua keeps the disappointment out of her face. "Yeah, they do. The basketball team is also in the top ten, I think. I remember some of the team members bragging about it once."

"Oh, you know players from the team?!" His eyes light up in excitement, and Yua can't help but chuckle.

"Not really. I know of them and vice versa because I was in the same

class as the ace and center, but we never talked. I am a volleyball player and I barely know anything about basketball, nor have I gone to any of their games, so yeah," Yua explains. "And my captain kind of hated their team. I don't know why, but I just never questioned her."

"Was she a really uptight person?"

"Yep."

He laughs. "That's like my coach. He always makes us do extra practiceâ€"oh, I'm on the basketball team, by the way, captain this year too," he clarifies proudly, puffing his chest out. "Anyway, that old man has this stupid rivalry with the volleyball team's coach, and every time that team does well, he makes us do extra to look better than them. Though, it's kinda hard since Shiratorizawa's volleyball team is the best in the prefecture, and possibly the nation."

"The volleyball team?" Yua tries to remember if she had heard of Shiratorizawa Volleyball before. "I don't remember seeing them at any competitions though."

"I meant the boys' team," he says. "They have this top ace who's also Japan's representative in some international competition."

That's cool, but Yua doesn't really care about the boys' side. "What about the girls?"

"Ahâ€|" Yusuke purses his lips, shaking his head. "Well...I'm not sure how to say thisâ€|" he chuckles lightly. "To be absolutely honest, in one word, they're horrible."

Yua feels her heart sink. If she couldn't stay in Seiho, she thought she could at least continue playing volleyball here, but that doesn't seem to be the case anymore.

Yusuke must've sensed her drop in mood because he continues, "It's not that they're horrible horrible, but they just have this big problem that's been going on since years ago..."

"I see," Yua states quietly, but wonders how much of Yusuke's words are actually true. She shouldn't get completely discouraged yet, she tries to assure herself, but her cousin has already planted the seeds of doubt in her mind.

Before she can think anymore, she spots the wooden sign for Yamazaki Storeâ€"and a table of guys huddled in the corner of the shop. Her eyes automatically focus on their shoes: volleyball shoes. Her heart skips a beat, and she quickens her speed, trying to see more. \_What if they're professional volleyball players\_, she thinks gleefully. They all appear to be wearing matching purple or deep pink jerseys, but she can't see the words on their backs.

"Yusuke, do you know those guysâ€"?"

"Sato-san!"

The first thing Yua thinks of when she hears that voice is that it sounds like wind chimesâ€"melodic, soft, and beautiful. She feels herself leaning in to hear more, forgetting momentarily about the

volleyball players, but she jolts up instantly, stopping in her tracks.

\_What just happened?\_

"Miyano-san! Good evening," Yusuke calls cheerfully to whoever the owner of the voice is. For some reason, Yua is suddenly afraid of turning around.

\_This is ridiculous. What's wrong with me? \_Forcing herself, she pivots on her feet, glaring childishly at the person Yusuke's talking to. Luckily, the person has her back towards Yua.

The second thing Yua notices about the girl is that her hair is perfect. Long, midnight black, and shining in good health, it's the complete opposite of Yua's own rough mane.

Shifting her gaze down, Yua eyes the girl's legs. They are thinner than any other girl's Yua has ever seen, except these legs are not so thin that they are anorexic-looking. They are the perfect size to look good in anything.

They are the legs that she has always hoped for.

When the girl turns, Yua finds herself stunned to silence because in front of her is a mirror image of everything she has ever wanted to be.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Note:<strong> \_I don't know if anyone noticed, but Seihō High School was taken from Kuroko no Basuke XD. There will be no crossovers though.\_

## 2. Chapter Two

\*\*I do not own Haikyuu!\*\*

\*\*Note: \*\*\_Thank you the following people that helped me edit/write this chapter: iShirokins and natalie522.\_

\_Thank you for the follows, favorites, and reviews!\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>This girl...<em>Yua can't even put her thoughts into words. \_What is she?\_

The girl's skin is paleâ€"almost like a foreigner'sâ€"and Yua is suddenly reminded of one of those white camellias in her mother's garden back in Tokyo. The girl's face, in one word, is gorgeous. It's perfectly heart-shaped and right in the middle is a small, button nose. Below it are pouty, rose-red lips, but the thing that catches Yua's attention the most are the girl's eyesâ€"huge and framed by thick, dark lashes and perfectly arched eyebrows.

"Miyano-san, what a surprise to see you here. I thought you lived on the other side of the school," Yusuke says to the girl, nudging his head at the area opposite to his neighborhood. "Did you come all the



way here just to buy groceries?"

"Oh no." She giggles lightly, covering her mouth. "The team had a practice match with a school nearby and on the way back, some of our members got sick from expired rice-balls, so we had to make an emergency stop." She pouts cutely. "I told them not to eat the rice-balls, but they wouldn't listen to me."

Yusuke chuckles at her expression. "So the entire team is here?"

"Yep, they're all sitting over there." She glances at Yua and then jumps back, surprising the latter. "G-good evening!"

"Hello," Yua responds, quirking an eyebrow up at the girl's actions. As ridiculous as it sounds, is this person scared of her?

"Ah, this is the cousin from Tokyo I was talking about yesterday," Yusuke says, going to Yua's side. "This is Hayama Yua."

"M-my name is Miyano Hikari. Nice to meet you," the smaller girl squeaks out. \_Hikari? \_Yua thinks with a smirk. Even the girl's name is beautifulâ€"actually, what part of her isn't?

"It's nice to meet you too," Yua replies, the smirk still on her face. The girl furrows her eyebrows at Yua's expression and to the latter's confusion, she suddenly feels bad. \_Why? \_Yua asks herself. She's only smirking at Hikari's name.

"Y-you're really tall," Hikari interrupts her thoughts, seemingly transfixed on Yua's forehead. She almost looks like she's about to faint, and Yua starts to get nervous.

"Thank you." Yua glances at Yusuke for help, but he seems oblivious to everything.

Waving his hands at Yua enthusiastically, he states, "She also transferred to Shiratorizawa, third year by the way."

"O-oh really? That's cool! I'm a second year there." She smiles warmly. "How tall are you exactlyâ€" she smacks both of her hands over her mouth and stares at Yua fearfully. "I mean, you're really tall. It's unusualâ€"sorry! I didn't mean to be rude! You're tall in a good, unusual way, like a model!"

Yua backs away, holding her hands up in an attempt calm the stuttering girl. She isn't that terrifying, is she? "I'm not offended at all, and you complimented me too," she says slowly, afraid of another breakdown from the girl. Putting on the friendliest smile she could muster, she states "I am 184 cm tall."

The girl gapes at Yua in awe, staring at the top of her head like Yusuke had been earlier. "Wow...and you're eighteen?"

"Seventeen but yeah. I guess it's due to the food I eat in Tokyo." Yua sends Yusuke a teasing smirk, and he scowls at her.

Cocking her head in confusion, Hikari repeats, "Tokyo food?"

"No, it's nothing, just this stupid inside joke," Yusuke clarifies,

waving his hands, and Hikari nods in understanding before smacking her fist on her palm.

"By the way, you can just call me Hikari, Yua-senpai," she gushes.

\_Senpai?\_

Since when had she become a senpai? "You don't have to call meâ€"

"Hikari!" a loud, masculine voice calls from behind Yua, and she almost glares at the person. \_What's with people interrupting me today?\_ She turns around, catching the guy's attention. His initial reaction is shock, but he gets over it quickly and then looks at Yua and Hikari back and forth worriedly.

At first she doesn't realize what he's doing but after she glances at Hikari, she understands everything. Someone as bigâ€"and apparently intimidatingâ€"as Yua standing next to the cute, tiny Hikari does look suspicious. Moving away from the other girl, Yua crosses her arms and stares at the guy silently; she would rather not create any misunderstandings.

"Ah, Satori-kun, is it time to go?" Hikari asks, receiving a nod in response. She turns to Yua and Yusuke and bows. "It was nice meeting you, Yua-senpai! Unfortunately, my team is waiting for me, so I have to go now. We'll see each again when school starts, right?"

"Of course! See you around, Miyano-san," Yusuke calls, grinning happily. Yua waves politely as the two walk away, the guy glancing back every so often. "She's really pretty, right? That's Miyano Hikari, our school's flower."

\_As expected\_.

"She's probably the nicest person in our school too. One time last year, I was late for school and the principal looked like he was going to give me detention, but she convinced himâ€"

"Yusuke," Yua says as she watches the blinds come down and the lights turn off inside the store. "Is it closing time yet?"

"What? Wait, no! The ingredients! I forgot all about them! Wait, don't flip the sign yet!"

\* \* \*

><p>By the time Yusuke and Yua arrive with the food, the adults have already started the hotpot and are sitting around the table drinking beer. After a quick introduction to Aunt Yui and her family, Yua retreats to the TV area with the cousins.<p>

It's almost eight o'clock, and she can't wait to leave. She doesn't even have an appetite, and something has been nagging at her for a while since she had gotten back from the store. The basketball match on TV doesn't do anything to distract her and she leans back against the sofa, opting to stare at the ceiling instead.

A pair of large, sparkling eyes pop up in her mind immediately.

\_Miyano Hikari\_. Yua turns and plops her legs onto the cushioned part of the sofa, frowning. Who exactly is Miyano Hikari? "no, what is she? Not only is this girl beautiful, she's also the sweetest person Yua had ever met. Yua just can't seem to wrap her mind around the fact that there is someone that is this perfect.

But what confuses her the most is how shy and modest Miyano Hikari is. Does she not realize the effect she has on people?

Yua shakes her head wildly, earning puzzled looks from her cousins, and focuses her attention on the TV. There's no point obsessing over Miyano Hikari; so what if she's so perfect? It doesn't affect Yua at all, she convinces herself.

It doesn't matter if Miyano Hikari has no faults, if she's the epitome of everything Yua has ever wanted to be, if she's "stop\_. She takes a deep breath and calms herself. She shouldn't be so bothered about this because it will make the feelings worse, a fact she knows from experience.

Hayama Yua is neither hideous nor beautiful; she is plain-looking and can be easily forgotten if it weren't for her height. Her eyes are small and almond shaped, her nose is long and thin, and her lips are neither full nor thin.

She is not attractive and she has already accepted that. To her, it seems that almost everyone is better looking than she is, and she often had fits of jealousy.

\_Keyword: had\_. It has already been a decade since the last fit and thinking back now, Yua realizes how childish she was.

So isn't she acting just as immature now?

She takes another deep breath. She is going to ignore everything about Miyano Hikari. If she sees the girl in school, she'll ignore her unless the latter greets her first. That would be the only time they communicate.

\_It's the best way to handle this situation\_, Yua assures herself, trying to shift her attention to something "anything "other than that girl.

\* \* \*

><p>By the time she gets home, it's already past midnight and fatigue hits her with full force. But after taking a quick look at the taped up boxes scattered around the living room, she realizes that she still has a long way to go before she can actually sleep.<p>

Grabbing a random box, she rips off the tape and starts throwing things out carelessly. Normally, she would sort through the items neatly but right now, she's really in no mood to do that.

Soon, the room is filled with empty boxes and various piles of kitchen utensils, photo albums, and other crap. When Yua opens the seventh box, she almost facepalms herself. Inside it are pots of white camellias; apparently her mother decided to bring her mini garden with her, and Yua is surprised that the flowers survived the

trip while staying intact. She takes them out and places them by the window, leaving the flowers for her mother to take care of once she's out of the bath.

Lethargically, Yua moves onto the next box but halts when she sees the word "volleyball" written boldly on it. Smiling warmly, she opens it gingerly and removes the medals, team photos, and her old Seiho jacket.

\_Wait a minute...\_She had forgotten all about Seiho, and volleyball for that matter.

Sitting back, Yua stares at the wall, suddenly all too aware of her surroundings. She's not in Tokyo anymore; she's not in her cramped, two bedroom apartment on the eighth floor. Her eyes travel around the room, taking in the auburn wood floors, spacious living room, and vast backyard that leads into the woody mountain.

This is Miyagi, she reminds herself. Hours have passed since she left Tokyo for good, and days since she resigned from the Seiho Volleyball Club.

Carefully, she picks up the most recent team photo. It was taken just after she'd scored the winning point and brought her team to Nationals. She can clearly remember the triumph and happiness she felt when the crowd went crazy and her teammates praised her.

But, she thinks bitterly, that will never happen again, especially if the volleyball team is as horrible as Yusuke claims they are. She'd reassured herself after leaving Tokyo that even if she can't play in Seiho, as long as she can continue playing volleyball, she would be somewhat okay. Now, she's not so sure.

Is she really fine with playing on a team of...why is the Shiratorizawa team bad anyway? Are they unskilled? Do they lose on the first match in every tournament? Do they not have enough members?

Do they even know how to play volleyball?

She shakes her head and plants her hands down onto her laps in determination. She can't think like this and then get discouraged. This is her last year of high school, her last chance to win at nationalsâ€"her last chance to get revenge for her humiliating defeat last year.

\_It won't be that bad\_, she reassures herself. If the team is unskilled, she will train them. If they are low in members, she will recruit more.

No matter what happens and what she has to do, she will play volleyball.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Note: <strong>\_Thanks for reading!\_

End  
file.